

VOL. XLIX. No. 1274.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, July 31st, 1901.
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PRICE TEN CENTS.



Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



AS THE TARIFF-WAR MUST END.

UNCLE SAM (to Russia).—DON'T SHOOT! I'LL COME DOWN!



IN TRANSITION.



MANHATTAN will be a most beautiful town
When the houses are up and the pavements are down;
But we never know now, when we breakfast or sup,
Which house is torn down or which street is torn up.

As we gaze at a scaffolding up in the sky,
We fall in the subway conveniently by;
We trip o'er the pavement in more ways than one
As we dream of the day when New York will be done.
We tremble sometimes as we go to our beds
Lest ere morning the roof cease from over our heads.

The workmen are banging all over the town,
Yet the houses won't stay up, the streets won't stay down;
And until a kind Fate in relenting decrees it,
It's a wise man that knows his own street when he sees it!

Florence E. Pratt.

THE BEAM AND THE MOTE.

MRS. DORCAS.—There can be no excuse for a man who goes fishing on Sunday.

MISS CLEEK.—Not in these days, at any rate, when there are so many opportunities to play golf.



OTHERS TO HEAR FROM.

STRANGER (*in Bloody Gulch*).—So that's Lightning Larry, eh? I understand he can draw a gun quicker than any man living; is that so?

NATIVE.—Dunno;—but he's proved he could draw a gun quicker than thirteen men who used to live.

THEIR MUDDLEFICATION.

"Niece Lillian writes," said good Mrs. Honk, in the midst of her perusal of a letter just received from her young city relative, "that she thanks us a thousand times for the invitation, but she knows she'd just simply die of *enny* before she had been here a week."

"Die of *any*?" repeated honest Farmer Honk, somewhat mystified. "What does she mean by that? Any what?"

"Why, just enny—er—er—mebby I ain't pronounced the word exactly right; it's spelt *e-n-n-u-i*. 'Pears to me, I read somewhere, once, that it was called 'ong-wee,' or something like that, and —"

"Aw, that's it, hey? Wa-al, you just write her that she ain't in no manner of danger of ketchin' no such foreign disease as that here;—there ain't been a Chinaman in this neighborhood for I d' know how long!"

THE WOODS ARE FULL OF THEM.

HIS LITTLE SON.—Pa, who were the crusaders?

THE FARMER.—Oh, there's different kinds of 'em. There's the woman suffrage folks, an' the people that wants to stop the liquor traffic, an' the vegetarians, an' the single taxers, an' dozens of other kinds of cranks.



HER MISFORTUNE.

HE.—I thought I should find you somewhere.
MISS CHILTON.—Yes; one can't help being somewhere, Cholly!

AMENITIES.

"You just watch my smoke!" cried Chicago, with hauteur.

"At this distance I can't see anything else!" retorted New York, not unjeeringly.

A BALLADE.

An old Mother Hubbard,
Hung up in a cupboard,
With an old-fashioned corset, of bone!
Of the corset the style
Would make a horse smile,
While the old Mother Hubbard had none!

WHAT "DRAGGED" SIGNIFIES.

REPORTER.—I suppose you were dragged into politics?

POLITICIAN (*smilingly*).—Not on your life! I did n't have a sou when I entered the game.

It is fortunate for the politicians that the people merely dabble in politics.



NO CASUALTIES AMONG HIS PREDECESSORS.

HE.—Believe me, I can not live without you!

SHE.—Oh! I don't know. All the others are quite healthy!

THE BLACKBERRY PATCH.



THE blackberry patch near the garden fence—
What marvels its depths may hold!
And far in its jungle what strange events
Await, to challenge the bold!
What cosy corners which none can see
Who chances to know them not!
And oft from the cares of the day I flee
To visit the friendly spot.

And, lo! when I gaze at the tangled rows
Where a thousand times I've been,
A queer little boy, with freckled nose,
Appears and leads me in.
Together we crawl on hands and knees
Through a barbed and winding way,
And here, in the midst of the ants and bees,
To our hearts' delight we play.

He shows me his treasures, one by one:
The nest of the old black hen;
The web by the monstrous spider spun;
The terrible bandit's den;
The cunning retreat where Towser hides
When he wants to enjoy a bone;
And many a curious thing, besides,
Confided to me, alone.

Have you guessed the secret? Why, don't you know?
That queer little boy is I!
And he takes me into the Long Ago,
Where the realms of Childhood lie.
We play at the wonderful make-believe
We often have played before,
Till the dawn arrives, and from morn till eve
I am only a man once more.

Edwin L. Sabin.

A RURAL MAN OF LETTERS.

JOSH.—Abner's the greatest reader here at the Corners. An' that hain't all: he acts on what he reads.

LIGE.—Yew bet he does! Now, last week, ter my certain knowledge, he answered two advertisements of matrimonial bureaus, sent for three packages of love powder an' a book on hypnotism, an' he also sent a dollar ter a feller in New York for seventeen ways ter git rich in three months!



A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

THE RABBIT (to the Muskrat).—Excuse me, sir! I think you are sitting on my whip!

STAGE MORALITY.

STAGE MORALITY nowadays is in a mightily muddled condition. It has its good points, to be sure, but it is also attended with some very reprehensible ramifications. Honesty is linked with almost ludicrous limitations, and virtue and vice are often associated in a most astonishing way.

On the modern stage people of certain occupations are always and invariably honest. It seems that they could not possibly in the nature of things be otherwise, almost as if an unlimited amount of justness were absorbed along with the mastery of the craft. Whoever heard of a stage blacksmith that was not honest? Now, it is all well enough for a blacksmith to be invariably honest, but if there must be an honest man in the cast, why need he invariably be a blacksmith? Why not an honest sewing-machine agent or an upright piano mover?

On the other hand, all varieties of dukes, princes, earls, counts, barons and such gentry are invariably dishonest and rascally to the last degree. And in the cases of bank presidents, cashiers, heads of corporations and the like, where we should think that the welfare of the community would lead to a selection of men in which a moderate proportion of trustworthiness might prevail, we involuntarily clasp closer our hats and umbrellas the moment one of this notoriously abandoned class emerges from the wings. We know them of old.

Stage heroines are, of course, always honest. They are not only painfully proper themselves, but are constantly trying to inculcate virtue in others. And yet, when the stage heroine gets an opportunity to remove the cartridges from the villain's pistol, she does so without the slightest signs of compunction. We admit that it may be necessary for her to do this in order that, when the villain attempts to shoot anybody, he may be foiled again; but should she not return the cartridges afterwards, or render an equivalent?—in stage money, of course. We maintain that it is as much an act of dishonesty to abstract cartridges as to steal stocks or to filch food.

These stage heroines, too, particularly in musical productions, have an annoying habit of inviting an entire village to partake of alcoholic beverages to an unseemly extent. This is bad, very bad, for the working classes, many of whom no doubt accept the invitation through fear of giving possible offense to a lady, and to one of high social standing in their community. Noblesse oblige, and the stage heroine should take the trouble to ascertain the blue-ribboners and total-abstainers amongst the yokelry, and to modify her "Come, Julius, give everyone a glass and we'll drink at my expense to the health of the Duc de Dugan," to "Villagers, I trust that those among you who have no conscientious scruples will join me, and Julius will now furnish glasses to all present, except Marie Coldwatre, Gaston Jones, and Francesco Rhein."

Another strange side to stage morality is that



ADMIRATION'S REQUITAL.

FARMER FISHER (upon landing same turtle for the fourth time).—Don't throw him back ag'in, Reub!—Put him in ther bait pail an' let him hev his fill!—Derned ef I don't admire ther tarnation critter's persistence!

intoxication is always considered very humorous. Men of an age and station that should enable them to command the veneration and respect of the entire community are constantly becoming inebriated, to the great apparent satisfaction of all hands. What an atmosphere in which to bring up a young, impressionable and tender chorus child!

There is need for earnest temperance work here. One shudders to think of the drunkenness so rife in comic opera.

Indeed, it would seem that, considering the ease with which stage people become intoxicated, requiring but two or three minutes to accumulate the most gigantic jag or stupendous sosh, they would, realizing their own weakness, refuse to touch the stuff at all and resolutely refrain from it in every shape or form.

We hope for better things. We also hope to see the time when a stage theologian may be as temperate as a tinsmith, or a high-born haberdasher as honest as the humblest stage hired man.

W. S. Adkins.



MIGHT BE UNIMPORTANT.

THE YACHTSMAN — Of course it makes a difference if a skipper loses his head.
THE TAR.—Well, sir, that depends on whether he's got anything in it.

It is very annoying that Fortune will not call by appointment.



AN EASY CHOICE.

"You don't mean to say she has accepted him? He is n't at all her ideal!"
 "Well, it did n't take her long to choose between a fiancé in the hand and an ideal in the bush."

THE FABLE OF THE INVISIBLE RAT.

ONCE UPON a Time, there were four hectic-nosed and sportified Gentlemen, namely, Messrs. A., B., C. and D.—these are not, however, the Parties who were engaged, in the dog-eared Arithmetics of our Youth, in conscientiously wearing off each his allotted Share of a Given Grindstone, but distant Relatives possessed of the same Initials—who had sat so long in a certain Back Room, with sundry small Pieces of Pasteboard, whereon were red and black Spots, in their Hands, ever and anon communing with a bloated Demijohn containing Something Good, that the Gray Dawn presently began to steal in. The Gray Dawn, my dear Children, may with comparative safety do more or less stealing in a Poker Game, but it is not Wholesome for any one else to be detected in that Practice. This is a Great Truth.

While thus they sat, a large Rat scuttled swiftly across the Floor and popped without Procrastination into a Hole in the Corner.

PUCK

Three of the four Gentlemen turned a trifle paler and looked uneasily at the Place where the Rodent had disappeared, and then accusingly at each other.

"I know what you Fellows think," said Mr. A., presently, in a half-defiant way. "You think I thought I saw a Rat, but I did n't!"

"Neither did I!" promptly answered Messrs. B. and C., in chorus. "We did n't see it, too!"

"I did n't see it, either," said Mr. D., calmly. "I just thought I saw it. I am a firm believer in Christian Science, you know, and hold to the Doctrine that Matter does not exist; all is Imagination. I thought I saw that Rat, therefore I did not see him. If I had thought I did n't see him, I should have known I did see him, and been sadly shocked at my condition, believing that I had got 'em again."

MORAL.—From this we should learn that the Wisest and Craftiest of Men may be confounded by the utterances of a Confounded Fool.

Tom P. Morgan.

HOW THEY ACT WHEN ALONE.

FIRST CROW.—Come on! That 's only a scarecrow.

SECOND CROW (a little older).—What makes you think so?

FIRST CROW.—I 've been watching it closely for twenty minutes and it has n't moved a muscle.

SECOND CROW.—Huh! It's quite evident you 've never had any experience with hired farmhands.

SOCIETY.

Society is a curious structure.

Take the best society. There could be no such thing without the less good society.

That is to say, the best society consists of people who would n't be anybody but for the people who are not in it.

The social fabric as a whole, and in its several gradations, finally rests upon people none of whom is anybody.

This makes it very clear why the poor are necessarily always with us.



THE REWARD OF MONKEYING.



FARMER FARBACK (grabbing lever).—Curious lookin' whip socket on this buggy I 'll just —



"Whoa! Stop 'er!!"

PUCK

IN NEW YORK.

"When first I encountered the withering looks, the opprobrious epithets and the cutting sarcasm of the motormen," says the stranger in New York, "I was in a measure discomfited."

"Indeed, it was not until I had entered a street-car that I understood it all."

"I now saw how nicely were the motorman's activities calculated to the purpose of making one feel small, and to them I had no hesitation in ascribing the delightful sense of fitting into the only available space left unoccupied, which I now experienced."

A POSSIBLE EFFECT.

"What do you think of this movement against Sunday golf?"

"I think it ought to drive every liberty-loving citizen to the links, whether he cares for the game or not."

NO FOREIGNERS THERE.

RYAN.—Some day Oi hope t' see Oireland ruled be th' Oirish.

KELLY.—Yis; but who d' yez t'ink they'll rule?

[IF THE Cubans had a taste for metaphysics they might take up the old question of free will and necessity.]



HOW IT WILL SOON BE.

FIRST NEW YORKER.—I wonder where that ambulance is going in such a hurry?

SECOND NEW YORKER.—Probably to Bellevue Hospital to get a patient.



THE CAUSE OF HIS TROUBLE.

THE PROFESSOR.—Interesting! Very interesting!
THE DRONE.—That's it! I'd be let alone if I was n't so blamed interesting!



A SONG OF THE ORCHARD.

THE SUN he rise lak a fiah cup,
His face am red en roun';
Pressah groan en de chaps climb up
En shake dem apples down.
En ol' b'r'er mule he staht to pull
De creaky cyaht along;
We'll tote dem hampahs brimmin' full
En sing det orcha'd song:

Roll! Roll! Roll det barrah, boy!
Fill dem hampahs free!
Den stop to res'
By de cidah press—
'Longside ob Lindy Lee.

Half day gone en de noon hohn blow,
Sum res' foh man en beas';
Eat yo' snack in de shady row,
Pone en buttahmilk feas'.
Toss de scraps to Jaspah's dog,
Hang yo' hat on de prong;
Den stretch out by de mossy lawg
En sing det orcha'd song:

Roll! Roll! Roll det barrah, boy!
Roll it undah de tree;
En den lay down
On de velvet groun'—
En dream ob Lindy Lee.

Red clouds hang on de sunset rim,
En still det pressah speak;
Big barrels fillin' to de brim—
Oh! heah det levah creak.
Scent ob suppah am on de aih,
Dess heah de "big-house" gong;
Ah'm gwine home to git mah shahe,
Singin' det orcha'd song:

Roll! Roll! Roll det barrah, boy!
Ah wish Ah wuz a bee;
Not to sip
De cidah drip,
But a kiss from Lindy Lee.

Victor A. Hermann.



TOO SLOW FOR HIM.

"Vell, your fader vos making money, aind't it?"

"Oh, he vos making somedings, but I don't see how he can be satisfied mit der cloding peeze! Vun would t'ink he nefer heard of Chay Pierpont Morgan!"



PUCK

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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, July 31, 1901.—No. 1274.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE GIANTS BATTLE.

THE NUMBER of men involved and the peculiar animus in the strike of the steel workers make a case that ought to be uncommonly informing as to the actual relationship between labor and capital. The efforts of each side to disguise the issue—to ornament its baldness with the flowing tresses of sentiment—make it necessary to read between most of the lines that are printed about it. The average newspaper reader might excusably believe that the union has demanded merely that penalties be no longer put upon non-union men who joined the union. Or, one might believe that the union had demanded that the companies themselves force their non-union employees into the union, and that the companies, ever jealous for the dignity of American labor, had nobly refused to exercise this wicked constraint. Either of these views gives the reader something tangible upon which to base his denunciations of the companies for their despotism or the union for its arrogance, according to the side he may take. But neither view is wholly accurate. And it may be said that no view can be correct which does not at once eliminate "arrogance," "despotism," "injustice" and all shades of sentiment from the matter. There is no grievance of underpayment or overwork. It is a contest purely between unionism in labor as against unionism in capital. It is a simple test of two related forces, a justifiable test, a desirable test, and one as devoid of ethical or moral significance as a test of the steaming capacity of two locomotives.

The labor trust, in self-defence, is seeking to perfect its organization; and the steel trust, also in self-defence, is seeking to prevent that perfection. The demand of the union that the companies "sign the scale" for all the mills is apparently trivial. It really amounts to a demand that the companies shall so hamper the non-union man as to drive him into the union. The "scale," when signed, puts the men under control of the union. They can no longer make their own contracts, nor can they agree to work for higher wages than union men receive. They are not free to make their own terms about piece-work nor about overtime. They would, in short, be subjected to all the restrictions and disadvantages of unionism, while receiving none of its protection. Thus, bearing the burden of unionism, they would naturally join the union to gain such benefits as it confers. In fewer words, the union would force the companies to abolish those privileges which many workingmen have hitherto staid out of unions rather than relinquish. So much for the "arrogance" of the union. It will hardly be contended that its members have not the same right to strengthen their trust in this manner as the steel trust had to incorporate itself.

On the other hand, to picture the companies as opposing this demand out of a chivalrous regard for the sacred rights of labor—and more than one newspaper has had the effrontery to credit them with this motive—is wholly misleading. One of the officials of the trust has been quite frank as to this. He says, "For our own sakes we were compelled to fight this movement. Should the demands of the association become at any time too exorbitant we should have to rely upon the non-unionists for protection. Without that protection we should be constantly subjected to tyranny." It ought to be plain from all this that two entirely selfish and opposing interests

have clashed, and that from neither may be expected voluntary concessions, forbearance nor any degree of justice which the other does not force from it:—that either will always tyrannize over the other just as far as it dares.

The significance of the contest therefore is economic rather than moral. It should arouse interest, but no sympathy one way or the other. There will of course be no very decided result. There is as little chance for a victory all one way as there is when a man's stomach goes on strike against his brain. The end will be compromise. But one of the two contestants will show new strength. And if this victor, in moderation, shall be the labor union, it will be a good sign. If it be shown that the labor trust is about as powerful as the steel trust, and, furthermore, that they are as interdependent as the Siamese twins were, the general public will benefit thereby, for the liability of strikes with their attendant disturbances will be vastly lessened. If the two contestants come out of the struggle fearing each other, so much the better for us all. For the only rights they ever have or ever will accord each other are based upon fear, and the greater their mutual fear the more nearly just will be their treatment of each other.

The chief protection against organized capital is organized labor. And the first sign of strength in organized labor is its ability to refrain from violence. The behavior of the union thus far during the present strike has been most encouraging. If it has begun to realize that in the peaceful strike it may wield a power as superior to violence as electricity is to a sledge-hammer, the day of industrial regeneration is at hand. For when it has learned to combat brain with brain, instead of opposing mere brute force thereto, labor will have become the equal brother of capital. Then may we look for what the dreamers have foretold: The few will stagger under burdens of fewer millions than now, and the many will have the plenty which before they knew not how to take. To this good end we should say that the present strike will materially conduce if it be conducted lawfully.



A RECOMMENDATION.

THE SEASICK VICTIM.—I wish I knew what to do for it.

THE HELMSMAN.—Try Christian Science, old man! It'll do you just as much good as anything else.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N. Y.



THE MODERN SAMSON.

HE IS ALWAYS THE FIRST VICTIM OF HIS OWN VIOLENCE.





PROFESSIONAL INSTRUCTIONS.

THE GRIPMAN.—You have to keep a sharp lookout for people who want ter git on.

THE NOVITIATE.—Yes?

THE GRIPMAN.—Yes; if you don't, why, the first you know they're on!

IN THE MILLENNIUM.

"I CALLED about my personal taxes," said the wealthy citizen. "I was referred to room 44."

"Yes, sir," said the official, courteously. "I am the man you want to see."

Under the old system the wealthy citizen would have been referred, in succession, to half-a-dozen men who would not have known anything about the matter, and having, at last, found the right party, would have had some trouble in making the right party take a languid interest in his existence. But this was the Millennium.

"What is the trouble?" asked the official, pleasantly.

"In the first place," said the wealthy citizen, "I am in some doubt whether my taxes are payable in New York or in Westchester County. I have consulted eminent lawyers, and the weight of

opinion is in favor of New York; and, as the tax rate is higher in New York, my own inclination is to pay my taxes here, because, now that we are in the Millennium, I would not care to have my conscience suspect me of tax-dodging. However, to remove all scruples, I thought I might pay taxes both in New York and in Westchester."

"I hardly think—now that we are in the Millennium—that Westchester would accept the money under the circumstances," said the official. "However, that is not a matter within my jurisdiction. You will have to settle it with your conscience and with Westchester."

"Yes. But that is not the principal point I wished to discuss with you. You have assessed my personal property at \$873,500. I have no doubt that your appraiser is a most careful, skillful and conscientious man—as, indeed, all our officials are and have been since the Millennium set in—but I think he has made a mistake in this case. I have made a careful inventory of my personal property and I am convinced that it is worth a hundred thousand dollars more than your figure."

"We have an inventory, also," said the official. "Suppose you go over it and find out where the difference is."

"I shall be obliged if you will allow me to do so," said the citizen.

After a long and careful examination he said:

"I have found out where the difference is. I have an extremely valuable painting—a Velasquez—which your appraiser values at two thousand dollars. Now, this painting is a genuine Velasquez, and it is worth a hundred thousand dollars if it's worth a cent."

The official smiled.

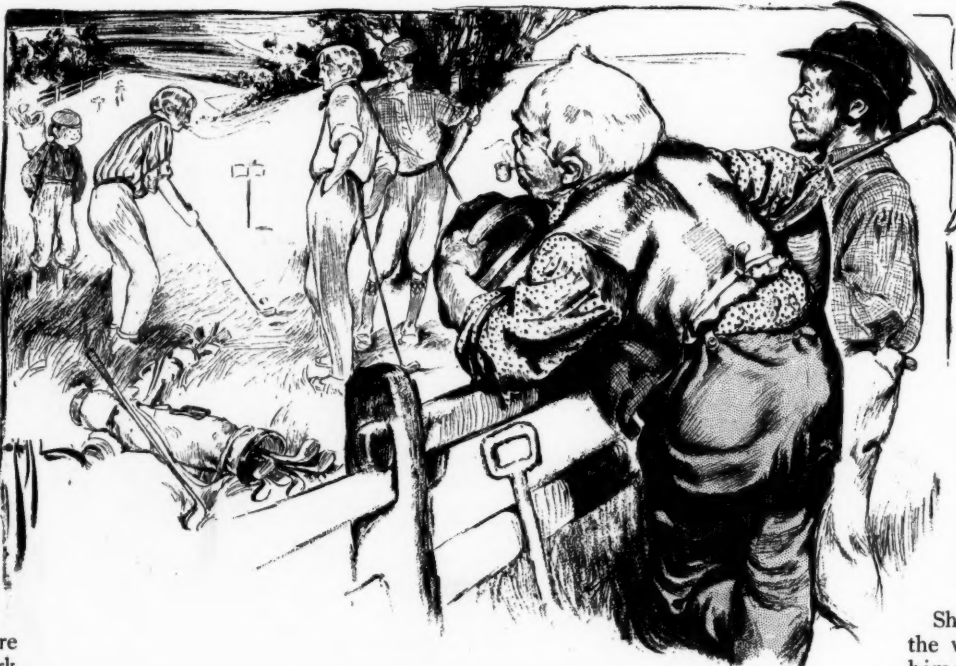
"The assessor spoke to me about that," he said. "I am very sorry to say anything to hurt your feelings and I would not think of doing so if stern duty did not demand it. But our appraiser says that your picture is merely a very clever imitation. He is positive that it is not a genuine Velasquez."

"Nevertheless, and with all due respect to your appraiser, I am sure it is a genuine Velasquez, and I insist on paying taxes on it at an assessment of a hundred thousand dollars."



OVERRULED.

"Some people said bicycling would die out."
"Yes; but too many cycle girls said it would n't."



BRIGHT POSSIBILITIES.

MIKE (watching the golfers).—Ut 's a foine game, thot ut is, Pat!

PAT.—Yis; an' phwat a jewel av a schrap yez cud shtart wid all dem shillalehs.

"We could not accept such a payment," said the official, pleasantly but firmly.

"Then I shall be obliged to appeal to the Courts. I shall apply for a mandamus to compel the city to receive the money."

"Very well, sir. The city will resist the claim to the bitter end. It is unfortunate that litigation can not be avoided; but the Courts will decide, and each side will have the satisfaction of having defended what it believed to be right."

Shaking hands cordially, the wealthy citizen bowed himself out, remarking pleasantly that he would have the papers served at once. Wm. E. McKenna.



A MATTER OF TASTE.

THE ROOSTER.—What? Don't you like the way I walk?

THE DUCKLING.—Well, of course, some people like strutting, but I don't see why you don't learn to waddle.

HAPPY MAN.

CITY BOARDER.—Of course, if a man finds certain food indigestible he wants to leave it alone.

THE FARMER.—I s'pose so; but I dunno as I ever find anything indigestible.

"GENTS' FURNISHINGS" DUPLICATED.

DOLLY.—I wonder why that man glared at me so.

POLLY.—Why, you 've got on a shirtwaist just like his!

DIFFERENT.

"Then you don't regard Mr. Statesman as a Presidential possibility?"
"Oh, no! But he might get the Democratic nomination."

HIS VIEW.

"Why," said his friend, "the temperature is lower than it was yesterday."
"I don't care anything about the temperature," said the stout person.
"A man is as hot as he feels."

FIERCE.

"Opposed to Trusts, is he?"
"Why, he denounces them like a political platform!"

SCOTTISH.

"Does he know much Scottish?" they ask.

"He does n't know enough Scottish to last him over Sunday!" I answer, crushingly.

This, of course, supposing the weather of the Sabbath such as to permit of golf.

AFTER HAVING actually preserved the Sultan of Turkey in an earthquake, how can Providence ever look the American missionaries in the face again?

IN THE opinion of many of the political managers, Providence is on the side of the heaviest campaign fund.

THE PUBLIC, of course, wants the facts in regard to China, but it often has to be satisfied with the news.



FIRST ACTOR.—Ah! We of the mimic board have our own troubles!
SECOND ACTOR.—Yes. The main trouble is that we don't have mimic board bills.

Recreation

can be found this summer in the mountains, at the seashore, or at the big Rainbow City on the Lakes. Don't fail to go and enjoy yourself, but before you go be sure to obtain a policy of Life Insurance in

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2 " " " 1.50 4 " " " 3.50
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SAFETY IN NUMBERS.

"T is better in your haste to state
All men are liars, than
To pick out one and designate
That fellow as the man.
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

REPORTORIAL REGRETS.

"So you don't feel like working?"
said the city editor.
"Not at all," answered the new
journalist. "I remind myself of an
English general in South Africa. I
regret to report." — *Washington Star.*

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.

IT WAS N'T HIS FAULT.

"Oh! Mama, what makes that man so bald?" loudly asked the hopeful
three-year-old in a Broadway car.
"Hush, darling!" said Mama. "The poor man can't help it. He was
born that way." — *Denver Times.*



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pronounce

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Highest Standard
of Excellence and
the Best Whiskey
in America.



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
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SOME people manicure a situation when it
really calls for amputation. — *Washington Post.*

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LEGHORN, ITALY

SUCCESS.

"What is the indispensable gift of a
successful artist, nowadays?"

"Well, he must have the knack of
making his work look crazy and styl-
ish." — *Detroit Free Press.*



POINTS OF DIFFERENCE.

HE. — I'm a-doin' 'em! I ain't no steam injine!

SHE. — I reckon you ain't. Steam injines does their work 'stead of talkin'
back an' runnin' a chance of losin' their job!

Exchange weakness for health—lassitude for energy
by taking Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.
At all druggists. Refuse substitutes.

Cock's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne has no
equal for table use. Keep a few bottles in your
ice-chest.

THE Texas gushers are making heavy inroads in the
ranks of the plain people. — *Washington Post.*

A boy never takes his hand to open a door that can
be kicked open. — *Atchison Globe.*

Chester SUSPENDERS

ARE WORN BY
CAREFUL DRESSERS

They stretch only when you do, and do not lose their stretch as others do. They're hand-
some, durable, sensible, and as comfortable and effective after long wear as when new. The Chester at
50 cents is the best at any price, though we have cheaper models for a quarter. All are GUARANTEED.

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., 4 Decatur Avenue, Roxbury, Mass. Branch Factory, Brockville, Ont.

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STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life, Accident and Employers' Liability Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President

PAID-UP CAPITAL \$1,000,000.00

JANUARY 1, 1901.	
Total Assets, (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.)	\$30,861,030.06
TOTAL LIABILITIES (Including Reserves)	26,817,008.25
EXCESS SECURITY to Policy-holders.	\$4,543,126.81
SURPLUS.	3,543,126.81
Paid to Policy-holders since 1864.	\$42,643,384.92
Paid to Policy-holders in 1900.	2,008,464.08
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life).	1,586,652.20
Life Insurance in Force.	100,019,851.00
GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900:	
IN ASSETS.	\$2,167,810.06
IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department Only).	8,045,397.00
INCREASE IN RESERVES (Both Depart.), (8% basis)	2,484,399.59
PREMIUMS COLLECTED	6,890,888.55

SYLVESTER C. DUKHAN, Vice-President
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary J. B. LEWIS, M. D., Medical Director and Adjuster
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Superintendent of Agencies HIRAN J. MESSENGER, Actuary



You will not get left
If you Own
One of the Reliable
"Accurate-to-the-Second"
**DUEBER-HAMPDEN
WATCHES**
LOOK FOR THE NAME "DUEBER" IN CASE
"John Hancock" 21 Jewels. For Gentlemen.
"Special Railway" 23 Jewels. For Railway Men.
"The 400" For Ladies.
Our "Guide to Watch Buyers" Sent Free.
The Dueber-Hampden Watch Works, - Canton, O.

"MONEY TALKS, you know," said the waiter.

"Yes; I know," said the diner.
"And I'm going to give you a quiet tip."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

As long as you are the hero of your own stories an unreasonably suspicious world will probably doubt their accuracy.—*Indianapolis News.*

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

Williams' Shaving Stick



Directions

With a sharp knife cut and remove portion of foil above band.

Wet the face, rub on a little soap, and with your brush work up a big, thick, close lather. Rub this well into the beard, remembering that "well lathered is half shaved."

After stopping your razor, you will still find the lather moist and creamy, and you are then ready for a quick, easy, refreshing shave; after which your face will be soft, smooth and velvety.

Williams' Shaving Stick is sold about everywhere, but sent postpaid for 25c. If your dealer does not supply you (Trial Size) by mail for 10c. in stamps

The only firm in the world making a specialty of SHAVING Soaps
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct.

LONDON
PARIS

DRESDEN
SYDNEY



MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

MRS. BOWERS.—That is a beautiful saying, "the waved-kissed beach!"

MR. BOWERS.—Looks to me as if it should be called, "the girl-kissed beach!"

A WOMAN'S sympathies are aroused when any one else on earth gets sick, except her dressmaker.—*Atchison Globe.*

Health, wealth and happiness. The first will bring the other two. Get health with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

A WILTED collar is not always a sign of hard work. Some men snooze their collars limp.—*Washington Post.*

"Standard of Highest Merit"
**FISCHER
PIANOS.**
"The embodiment of tone and art."
33 UNION SQUARE—WEST.
Between 16th and 17th Streets, New York.



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and
EASE
of
the
PRESIDENT
Trimming can not rust. If the name "President" is on the backings it's genuine.
Sold everywhere or by mail, 50 cents.
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Box 219, Quincy, Mass.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO. Dept. I. I. Lebanon, Ohio.

FORTUNE.

Oh! Fortune is a little ball —
Or so the canny golfers say.
Some lightly loft it over all,
And others fizzle day by day.

—*Washington Star.*

FOR **GOUT & RHEUMATISM**
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS or 224 William St., N. Y.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"Here 's to the boys, may they never be old men;
And to the old men, may they ever be boys."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
Phila. & New York.
ESTABLISHED 1793.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

If you want to see a look of contempt, you ought to see a painter watch a woman painting her own furniture.—*Washington Democrat.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

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FASHIONABLE CLOTHES
The Fechner-Fishel Co.
Makers New York

SEE THIS LABEL?

Our name and Trade-Mark stand for that which is best in

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ready-to-wear.

Whether you pay \$10 or \$30 for your suit, you are not getting the highest degree of comfort, style or service unless you buy

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750 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

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These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 265 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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This is the title of a series of books of travel and education issued by the Passenger Department of the

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These small books are filled with information regarding the best modes of travel and the education that can best be obtained by travel.

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BROTHER DICKEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

W'en you is oncertain wich way ter go at de forks er de road de bes' thing ter do is ter go de right way.

Man can't rule de weather, but he kin have a high old time growlin' at it.

No-matter how big de fish is, folks won't be happy ez long ez dey thinks dar 's a bigger fish unkotched.

No use ter look down on folks kaze dey is lesser dan what you is. You can't see de wind, but it raises de debbil in a cyclone.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

TOO LATE.

HE.—Your father ought to know what I have to say to him. I have been coming here so long.

SHE.—I am afraid he has given up all hope.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MR. CRIMSONBEAK.—I see by this paper that the Czár of Russia scarcely ever looks at a newspaper.

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK.—Oh! Well, he does n't have to ride in crowded cars where the women have to stand up.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



PATIENCE.

HER MOTHER.—You must be patient with him.

THE BRIDE.—Oh! I am. I know it will take time for him to see that he can't have his own way.

TIMES have changed. "Did he leave any insurance?" is now asked, instead of, "Was he prepared?"—*Atchison Globe.*

Stops Diarrhoea and Stomach Cramps.
Dr. Siegert's Genuine, Imported Angostura Bitters.

Of all the failures in life, there is none quite so bad as the man who has tried suicide without success.—*Washington Post.*

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quality and Kodak film quality have made the Kodak way the sure way in picture taking.

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As Clean as Home-made Bread

SEN-SEN GUM

CONCERNING "WHOPPERS."

Why does it seem so very wrong
When others "tell a whopper,"
And when you need one of your own,
Why does it seem so proper?
—*Washington Star.*

If children are good and healthy, a mother has to rush in among them every five minutes to keep them from killing each other.—*Atchison Globe.*



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Note label.
with your cravat fraying out
and creasing before you've had
your money's worth?

Try Keiser-Barathea Cravats.

STEIN-BLOCH

READY-TO-WEAR

CLOTHES

Are the Best Made.

Ask any First-Class Clothier to show you Garments bearing this Label, or write us.

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THE STEIN-BLOCH CO., Wholesale Tailors, Rochester, N. Y.



ACCOUNTED FOR.

FIRST SUBURBANITE.—I see Jones has bought a cow.

SECOND SUBURBANITE.—Yes;—he's got to get rid of the vegetables he raises some way.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD
DIRECT ROUTE TO THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
from the east, south and southeast. Through the "Switzerland of America."

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Health and Long Life
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were the objectionable
features in Ale

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SUMMER TAN

Is fashionable. Nothing nicer
than a soft brown complexion;
freckles though, are bad, and a
rough skin is worse. A little
Pozzoni's Brunette Complexion
Powder just the color, is
necessary.

Get the
only
GENUINE.



POZZONI'S
MEDICATED
COMPLEXION POWDER

CHEW

Beeman's

The
Original

Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

DURING the severe hot weather at the beginning of July, when the thermometer was soaring in the neighborhood of 100 degrees, the clerks in the home offices of the big life insurance companies were kept busy recording and paying death claims, which were coming into the offices at a great rate. This was especially true of the companies which conduct an industrial, or weekly-payment business, many of the policy-holders being of the poorer or middle class.

During the first nine days in July The Prudential Insurance Company of America alone paid nearly 300 death claims, where the policy-holders had died from sunstroke, although the average of that Company for any whole year since 1891, was only 102 cases.

On one single day, July 9th, The Prudential also paid 200 more Industrial claims than it ever paid before on any one day, the total being 646 claims and the amount of money paid out running up to nearly \$60,000.

The majority of these deaths were due to the intense heat, or from disorders brought on, or severely aggravated, by the hot weather. In the larger cities about one-half of the policies paid on the above-mentioned date were cases of heat victims. For example, in New York City 38 claims were paid on heat cases out of a total of 71 cases; in Brooklyn there were 50 heat victims out of 85 death claims paid; while in Philadelphia 44 out of 74 claims were paid, on people who had died from the heat.

In seven large cities, out of 305 claims paid, 153 were on heat victims. These are insurance facts worthy for people to remember and to the man or woman who would procrastinate, the answer is plain: If you're healthy now, insure now.

PUCK



I



II



III.



IV.



V



VI

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. N.Y.

HOW THE FOX-TERRIER WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A BULL-DOG BY THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.

